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THEOSOPHY

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The Theosophical Movement, the Brotherhood of Humanity, the Study of Occult Science and Philosophy, and Aryan Literature.

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WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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AUM

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.—*Matthew, chap. v, v. 4.*
As he said, so he acted.—*Vangisa-sutta, v. 15.*

THEOSOPHY.

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The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an Official Document.

Where any article or statement has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned the Editor will be accountable.

THE SCREEN OF TIME.

A NEW cycle has begun. The "turning inwards"—and homewards, of William Q. Judge was the signal for the dawn of a new day, long since promised by H. P. B. and by Masters. Far and wide throughout the Society an immense output of energy has already been felt. For months before the death of that body the greater part of W. Q. Judge's force had been used in the weary task of preventing its untimely dissolution. Only when the right time had come, and all things had been made ready, did he leave it forever, and almost immediately the liberation of his energies was felt like a vast throb of unrestrainable enthusiasm that aroused the hearts of men who had for long been sleeping. His will, one-pointed and unbendable, instead of being slackened by the dissolution of his body, seemed to increase in power and influence, and the "Rajah"—as the *real* W. Q. J. was so often called—after taking one rapid survey of the whole Theosophical situation, appeared to throw his force North, South, East and West, taking up the work where he had momentarily dropped it, drawing closer the ties of comradeship here, strengthening the faint-hearted there, affecting those he called "the faithful" though separated by many thousands of miles, and in all ways insuring victory where the world expected and in some cases hoped for disaster.

A new cycle has begun. And though man will always mourn for those he calls the dead, and though it is but fitting that we should pause for a little while in loving memory of the friend whom so many of us loved more deeply than anything else on earth, let us not forget when all has been said and written that the only lasting memorial we can build to him will be one forged by our own thoughts and deeds on the model that his life and his teaching made so plain.

This new cycle was foreseen by H. P. B. and by the "Rajah" as one of regeneration and accomplishment. Since it began the responsibility of each unit in our ranks has increased tenfold, and upon the extent to which that personal responsibility is realized depends how far the whole world will be affected by the Theosophical movement in this and the next century.

Success is assured, but unless a victory is seized and used, it may cost more than many defeats. The greatest victory is only another opportunity. In the course of ages man may once come face to face with his *chance*, and grasping the sword of destiny may use it for his salvation or his everlasting shame. Here is the chance, here is the two-edged sword. The hour is ripe and the need is great. Where are God's Warriors? They have answered the call before; they have seen the Light and know it, have flashed back instantaneous recognition. Will they linger now when the Light shines forth again? *They cannot.*

Each to his place then, and whether it be high or low the honor and reward will be equal. Putting aside all jealousy, all suspicion, fear and doubt, let there be one far-reaching forward movement, made with perfect trust, with certainty of aim, with overwhelming force. Then will death be swallowed up in victory and the loss of a beloved friend be made the means of universal gain. T.

THE LAST DAYS OF W. Q. JUDGE.

THE task of giving a short account of our leader's last days and of the change that finally took him to a wider field of work, and the necessary going back in thought to those weeks of suffering and continuous strain, must fill anyone who loved him, not with sorrow but with gladness that the end came as quickly as it did, to leave him *free*.

I was with him for two weeks at Aiken, South Carolina, during last Christmas and until after the new year, where he was staying with Mrs. Judge. He had left New York in October, 1895, for Asheville, S. C.,

but finding the climate there too cold he had gone further south to Aiken. After he had been there a few weeks the dullness of the place seemed to weary him; his cough was incessant and the trouble with his digestive and assimilative organs kept him in almost constant pain. He came to the conclusion that climates were of no avail and determined to return to New York, where he would be in the midst of friends and close to the Headquarters of his work. He intended to devote his evenings to writing a book on "Occultism," and we spent many hours talking over its contents and the general outline of the work. Students will never see that book, and those who know something of the vast fund of information on occult matters possessed by W. Q. Judge will appreciate their loss and the loss to the cause of Theosophical education.

Before returning to New York, he decided to visit Dr. Buck in Cincinnati and Dr. Buchman in Fort Wayne. This he did, leaving Aiken on January 9th, spending two weeks in Cincinnati, over a week in Fort Wayne, and reaching New York on February 3d, at 6 P. M. He then went to the Lincoln Hotel on Broadway, pending the discovery of a suitable apartment. It was evident that he was in far worse condition on his return to the city of his adoption than when I had last seen him in Aiken. He was much weaker, his cough was more frequent, his digestive organs caused him greater pain. He missed the fresh air and the sunshine. But his keen interest in the work of the Society was undiminished, and I would spend an hour or two with him daily while he would either dictate or give notes for replies to the immense number of letters he received, besides attending to other work that he felt obliged to supervise. On February 22d at about 2.30 P. M. he drove in a closed carriage to the apartment on the third floor of 325 West 56th Street, the last time but one that he was out of doors. Ill as he was his contempt for the precautions that all orthodox invalids take—in the shape of shawls, rugs and so forth—was characteristic of the man, though alarming to his friends.

From that day he grew weaker and weaker, with rare spurts of renewed strength, though down to the very last he retained his power of energizing and inspiring others. Some two weeks before his death he was warned by Dr. Rounds, who was attending him daily, that his only chance of living would be destroyed unless he would consent to absolutely give up all work. This he reluctantly agreed to do, but the first effect of such a change in his whole life's practice was to bring about a reaction that threatened an immediate collapse. After this he read but little, and then only the lightest sort of literature. He would doze whenever he could, as his nights were broken by his cough, and for weeks before he finally passed away he had not been able to get more than three hours continuous sleep at any one time. Hardly able to whisper, so weak that he had

to be supported from chair to chair, torn to pieces by his racking cough, that made it impossible for him to lie down, he still held fast to life and did so until the time had come for him to relax his effort and die. And throughout it all he preserved his magnificent power of endurance and self-control.

On the morning of March 19th he asked me to make full enquiries in regard to health resorts in the South and to report to him at once. At the same time I was to telegraph Mr. E. A. Neresheimer to call on him. He said that if he could "only get to some place where he could sit in the midst of sunshine and of flowers" he might yet perhaps recover. Mr. Neresheimer called that afternoon, and it was after he had said good-bye and when I was sitting by the side of Mr. Judge's sofa, that the "Rajah" suddenly roused the body out of the half-sleep in which it had been lying, and with his unmistakable force said: "There should be calmness. Hold fast. Go slow." I took this at first to apply particularly to the contemplated journey to a warmer climate, and it was not until several days later when his papers had been examined that the full significance of this message appeared. It had meanwhile been applied to all the matters that came up for decision, and it was well that this was done, for hasty action taken during the day or two following his death might, as I now see, have brought lasting disaster on the Society. Mr. Neresheimer may or may not have something to say in regard to this, his last interview with W. Q. Judge.

On the morning of Friday, the 20th, Dr. Rounds gave positive orders that no more visitors were to see him, and the same morning, by dint of the united entreaties of Mrs. and Miss Emily Judge he for the first time consented to have a professional night nurse. All that day he grew worse, but late in the afternoon got some broken sleep. It was after this that he told me he was "away most of the time—had I seen him come back just then?" He did not care to have the nurse in the room and as Mrs. Judge—who had nursed him so faithfully throughout his long illness—badly needed rest, and Miss Emily Judge, who had devoted all her days since his return to New York to his care, was obliged to go home, it became my welcome duty to sit up with him from ten o'clock that Friday night till about a quarter to three on Saturday morning. During the whole of that time he dozed, waking up every half hour regularly for his medicine. Unselfish to the last he told me every time he woke to go to bed at once; what was I up so late for?—with that rare smile of his. Numerous excuses were invented, at which he again smiled his old smile.

At a quarter to three Mrs. Judge took my place, but at six in the morning she called me up, saying that Mr. Judge wished to see me at once. When I went to him he whispered me to go immediately and get

a certain New York doctor, a specialist, who need not be named. This doctor had been called in once before to consult with Dr. Rounds. I roused this famous specialist with considerable difficulty (ringing his bell for half an hour without ceasing), but when roused he absolutely refused to see Mr. Judge, stating that to see him without his regular physician would be contrary to professional etiquette. The fact that a man's life was at stake had no effect in face of this argument.

Back at eight, to find Mr. Judge in the same condition, almost speechless, but sitting upright on the sofa, full of nervous energy. His muscles were so feeble that he could not walk, but his nervous strength was remarkable. I told him the result of my call, and suggested the name of another specialist, but he firmly refused to see any doctor, and did not even see Dr. Rounds when he came in a few minutes later. At about 8.30 I left the room. At about ten minutes to nine Mrs. Judge rushed into the room where the nurse and I were consulting as to what, if anything, could be done, calling to us to come at once. We hurried in to find him still sitting upright, but with the clear mark of approaching death on his face. In three minutes he quietly breathed his last.

Dr. Rounds afterwards said that the condition of his lungs could not have caused his death; that death had been due to "failure of the heart's action." But all the doctors who had examined him had agreed that his heart was as sound as a bell, and from this it is safe to conclude that he died as H. P. B. died, from no immediate physical cause, but because the right time had come. He passed out, and lost nothing in the process but a body that had ceased to be of service and had become a hindrance. He passed from comparative inactivity into the full use of his powers; from constant physical pain into a state where such a thing could only exist as a memory. For him death had no terrors, brought with it no separation. So we who loved him have no cause to mourn, but should instead rejoice that he is free at last.

E. T. Hargrove.

THE CREMATION.

THE proceedings at the cremation of the body of W. Q. Judge were of the simplest possible order. As he died on Saturday morning it was not easy to notify many members outside the vicinity of New York in sufficient time for them to attend the funeral on the Monday following. Nevertheless a very large number of members were present, including many from Boston, Bridgeport, Providence and other cities.

All day Sunday the body had lain in state at his residence, 325 West 56th Street, in the room in which he died. On Monday it was conveyed to 144 Madison Avenue, at noon, at which time the ceremony was to take place in the Aryan Hall. The coffin was carried into the Hall by the pall bearers—Messrs. Page, Fussell, Jas. Pryse, Jno. Pryse, Prater and Wright—and deposited on the platform, which was profusely decorated with flowers. All the chairs had been taken out of the Hall, the people standing to admit of more room.

Addresses were then made by Messrs. Wright, Hargrove and Jas. Pryse. Mr. Wright said :

"We assemble here to-day in this Aryan Hall, before the body of our brother and co-worker, William Quan Judge, the founder of the Theosophical movement of this century, with H. P. Blavatsky and others. We meet for the purpose of bidding a temporary farewell to the spirit that has left its body. Yet we do not assemble as mourners—as those who believe the dead cannot return. We are not as they who believe the body is all there is of man. As Theosophists, and as this is a Theosophical gathering, we must above all things feel that we are simply meeting together to bid a farewell for a while. W. Q. Judge has been here on earth, has worked for this movement many times before, and he will come to work again. It is not for us to feel as if we had lost him forever. I am myself standing before a scene almost identical with that which took place at the death of H. P. Blavatsky in London, a few years ago, at a time when everybody felt very much as they do now. Many then believed that the Society would fall to pieces, but those were only weak-hearted persons who knew nothing of the real nature of this movement, and the Society surely did not fail, but increased in vitality. We must continue to feel as we have felt for a long time since, that the society depends on *principles*, not on *personalities*, and that even in the going away from us of a great master and brother we are still in the movement and it must go on unaffected by the death of all personalities. Death is as common as birth. People have been dying ever since the world began, and death cannot affect our onward march, and if it did, then it would only show that we depended on personalities and therefore were untrustworthy. We must only hold to the high principles, and even while we feel that deep sorrow which must inevitably come to everyone for the loss of so great a personality as was that of W. Q. Judge, yet we must hold fast to the fact and belief that the society will grow. It is known of every great adept that when his powers are withdrawn, his spiritual energies are distributed among all students. The energy centred in the one becomes spread among all ; consequently everyone will have additional power to work from now on, and should himself endeavor to represent a living centre. In a recent number of *The Path*, Mr. Judge tried to inspire all with that idea—'Each member a centre,' were his words.

And remember H. P. B.'s words: 'So long as there are three persons willing to live in accordance with the real principles of the movement, so long will it live and prosper.' Let there be, not only three, but hundreds of centres! Therefore there is no necessity nor right for anyone to feel loss of courage or strength; on the contrary, he is acting in an untheosophical way who allows such thoughts and feelings to enter into him."

Mr. James M. Pryse then spoke as follows:

"Five years have fled since out of gloomy and smoke-begrimed London all that was mortal of H. P. Blavatsky was taken across the green fields to Woking and surrendered to crematorial flames. And as I wandered back, that day of brilliant sunshine, across those English fields that, clad in the tender green of spring and starred with daisies, seemed to prophesy the joyous resurrection of all life, much of the sorrow in my heart was lifted, as I thought of our strong American brother who was hastening across the sea to bring us comfort and wise counsel. And now in my own land as I stand beside his cold clay, my heart is heavier than it has ever been before. Unwise are they who shrink from the chastening touch of sorrow. As Life has its lessons, so Death is a teacher, and the teachings of death can be understood only when sorrow for those who are lost has softened the human heart; for that is the one great need of humanity to-day—that the hardness and the selfishness of the heart shall be broken. So I think it is wise in this sense to sorrow for the dead. That is false in any philosophy or any religion which gives an evil comfort through teaching indifference to death, or seeks to harden the heart that goes out in yearning love toward those who are taken from us. But unselfish sorrow wastes itself not in useless repining, but stirs within us a strong desire to reach up into the deathless world where those whom we loved have gone, softens us to deeper sympathy with humanity, and strengthens us in our power to help and comfort those around us. This, our brother, has gone from among us. Therefore let our tribute of mourning resolve itself into an indomitable will to carry on the work he began and in which he was our leader. Let us build this Society up as an imperishable monument through ages to come, to H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge.

"Through long years I looked upon him as my truest friend and teacher. No other is there in this world whom I have loved so much, none to whom I owe so deep a debt of gratitude. In lives long past I knew and followed him; in lives to come I shall find and follow him still. His was 'the strong deep heart like the hearts of old'; and though well I know that he is one who in times past conquered death and could say, 'Death is swallowed up in victory. Where, O Death is thy sting? Where, O grave is thy victory?'—still, in this hour of loss and loneliness, I would dwell only on the human side of life, that human nature that suffers and seeks consolation. This, our brother is gone. He whom we loved has left us.

"To him we gave the proud title of the 'friend of all creatures.' Let us each strive to be, like him, a friend of all that lives and breathes; let us carry on unweariedly the work for which he and H. P. Blavatsky laid down their lives, and let us show by our deeds that the teaching of his life, and the still greater teaching of his death, has not been wasted upon us."

Mr. Hargrove said:

"Brothers and Sisters, Friends:

"I am to speak to you to-day in order to give you a short account of the death of our friend and teacher. You all know quite well that his illness was a long one. You will know that as long as he thought it his duty to struggle for life, he fought the battle—a battle that none of us could have fought. He fought for life from day to-day, from minute to minute, till he knew that the battle was over; not lost, but gained in the truest sense. He tried various climates to see if his illness could be cured by any change of air, and then

he returned to New York, knowing that death was certain, and preferring to die in this city of his adoption than elsewhere.

"In the hour of his death he was surrounded by friends, and by every possible solace. He was nursed to the last by a faithful and devoted wife. His death was painless. He told me himself very shortly before he died that for several days past he had been very little in his body, and certainly when the last breath of life left it he was not there; he was looking on at all that was taking place.

"One person who had been constantly with him during the last weeks of his illness, but who was absent when the moment of departure came—a person who loved him with a perfect love— cried out 'Thank God that he is dead,' on being told of what had happened. And this feeling must be shared by all who know how much he suffered before he left us. So much for the dead. Now for the living.

"His last message to us was this: 'There should be calmness. Hold fast. Go slow.' And if you take down those words and remember them, you will find that they contain an epitome of his whole life-struggle. He believed in Theosophy and lived it. He believed because he knew that the great Self of which he so often spoke was the eternal Self, was *himself*. Therefore he was always calm.

"He held fast with an unwavering tenacity to his purpose and to his ideal.

"He went slow, and never allowed himself to act hastily. He made time his own, and he was justice itself on that account. And he had the power to act with the rapidity of lightning when the time for action came.

"We can now afford to console ourselves because of the life he lived, and should also remember that this man, William Quan Judge, had more devoted friends, I believe, than any other living man; more friends who would literally have died for him at a moment's notice, would have gone to any part of the world on the strength of a hint from him. And never once did he use that power and influence for his own personal ends; never once did he ask anyone for a cent of money for himself; never once did he use that power, great as it was not only in America but in Europe, Australasia and elsewhere as well, for anything but the good of the Theosophical movement.

"A last word: a few days before his death he said to me 'There is no need to worry, for even if I die the movement *is* a success.' It *is* a success; but it is for us to make use of this success; and I think that if we want to pay a tribute to the life and final sacrifice of W. Q. Judge, we can best do so by carrying on the work for which he lived and died."

The body was then carried out of the Hall and conveyed to the crematory at Fresh Pond. About eighty members gathered in the little chapel attached to the crematory while Mr. Wright read over the coffin a few words addressed by W. Q. Judge to a friend two years before, when seriously near death:

"There is no room for sorrow in the heart of him who knows and realizes the Unity of all spiritual beings. While people, monuments and governments disappear, the self remains and returns again. The wise are not disturbed; they remain silent; they depend on the self and seek their refuge in It."

The body was then cremated. C. F. W.

"HIS ONE AMBITION."

I FIRST met William Q. Judge in the winter of 1885. He spent Christmas week at my home in company with Arthur Gebhardt, who at that time was greatly interested in the T. S. work in America. Mr. Judge was at that time a devoted student of the *Bhagavad Gita*. It was his constant companion, and his favorite book ever after. His life and work were shaped by its precepts. That "equal-mindedness" and "skill in the performance of actions" inculcated in this "Book of Devotion," and declared to constitute "Yoga," or union with the Supreme Spirit, Mr. Judge possessed in greater measure than any one I have ever known. His devotion never wavered; his anchorage seemed ever sure and steadfast, and herein lay his strength. His skill in the performance of actions was marvellous, his executive ability of the highest order. He was never disturbed by passion or blinded by resentment, and when openly and strongly assailed, he held steadily on his course, working for the one object of his life, the success of the T. S.

A certain T. S. member once accused him of being ambitious, and Mr. Judge asked me what I thought of it. I replied, "It is true; you are the most ambitious man I know. You would like the earth so you could make sure to devote it to the T. S. movement." That was indeed his ambition, and outside this he seemed to have neither thought nor wish. From 1885 we were often together and in constant correspondence. Indeed we corresponded for some time previously. In April following our first meeting he started *The Path*. This again was a work of devotion and begun on faith, for he had no money and few supporters in those days. I never knew him to ask for assistance financially, even in his work, unless one had signified willingness to assist. It was with difficulty, therefore, that at the end of the first year I got out of him a financial statement of *The Path*, and found him several hundred dollars in debt after spending all he had in the venture. A friend of the movement at that time sent him the amount necessary to start the second volume of *The Path* free from debt.

And so he worked on to the end, friends rallying around him and aiding him in his work. People on the other side of the ocean never understood Mr. Judge's position in America, where he was well known in connection with his work, nor how impossible it would be to shake confidence in him. It is true the issues raised were seemingly altogether personal, and it took some time to make clear to the whole Society their real nature. When, however, these issues became clear and people had time to consider them, the verdict was overwhelming, and those who were

present at Boston last April will never forget the scene there enacted. It has been my lot to preside over many conventions, both medical and Theosophical, but I never witnessed such a scene before and never expect to again. There was no noisy demonstration, but the very air throbbed with sympathy and appreciation. Few eyes were void of tears. Mr. Judge was even then a very sick man, hardly able to stand and at this crisis pale and unable to speak. And so the matter was settled forever so far as America was concerned, and the real workers almost without exception rallied around their leader closer than ever. An act of simple justice became a crown of love and devotion.

And now our friend and Brother has dropped into the silence of the unseen, and the memory of those stormy months and our steadfast reliance but makes more sure a future meeting in the Great Work in which we have all engaged before, and shall again, with our friend and leader.

If death wipes out all animosities it also makes more deep and tender the love and confidence so worthily won and generously bestowed. The friend and Brother who for ten years called my home his own, and came and went in sickness and in health, won his way to all our hearts, and in many acts of kindness and in thoughtfulness showed the real brother and the true man. Together we planned the work for every T. S. Convention for the past ten years, and together watched the progress and noted the growth of the Great Work. He was never narrow, never selfish, never conceited. He would drop his own plan in a moment if a better were suggested, and was delighted if some one would carry on the work he had devised, and immediately inaugurate other lines of work. To get on with the work and forward the movement seemed to be his only aim in life.

But I need not multiply details. How well his work was done the present is already showing and the future will abundantly demonstrate. How much we shall miss him words need not paint. We should transmute feeling into work as the highest honor to his memory. Fulsome praise he hated when living, and we should refrain from offering it over his ashes. But a just estimate of his character and loyal appreciation of his work is alike honorable to him and to us.

He may find detractors even now as did H. P. B., and we only reply without bitterness, ye knew him not. The unanimous testimony of thousands who saw him daily and knew him well may count for naught against opinions and pre-judgment, formed from fancied wrong or motive misinterpreted. Let it all pass. The good only is eternal: The true only endures. Pass on, O Lanoo! The Silence is melodious, and those whom men call dead speak more eloquently than the living, for they speak in the Eternal.

"The living power made free in him, that power which is HIMSELF, can raise the tabernacle of illusion high above the gods, above great Brahm and Indra. *Now* he shall surely reach his great reward."

For myself, knowing Mr. Judge as I did, and associating with him day after day, at home, in the rush of work, in long days of travel over desert-wastes or over the trackless ocean, having travelled with him a distance equal to twice around the globe—there is not the slightest doubt of his connection with and service of the Great Lodge. He did the Master's work to the best of his ability, and thus carried out the injunction of H. P. B. to "keep the link unbroken."

And I am equally well satisfied that even with the departure of Mr. Judge *the link still remains unbroken.* There were little use of Masters, and little foundation for belief in the existence of the Great Lodge of Adepts if death could break connection with those who work, however humbly, for humanity on the outer plane. "The real worker is seen and helped." Those who deny all this are not to be blamed. Those who accept it have also their reward. Let us close ranks my Brothers, and go on with the work; never doubting that others greater than we are will do theirs also.

J. D. BUCK.

W. Q. J. AS I KNEW HIM.

IT is nearly fifteen years since I first made the acquaintance of William Q. Judge, the occasion of it being a letter that I had written to H. P. Blavatsky, which letter, after being answered at length, she had sent to her friend and representative in America. This acquaintance resulted in my application for membership in the Theosophical Society of which Judge was then Joint Recording Secretary, and, in due course of time, to my admission.

I shall not go into the details of the intimacy so begun. It is enough to say that, in these years, we have not once lost sight of each other, not once broken off communication. Once, during this time, for a short period, I quite misunderstood him, and, in consequence, doubted the sincerity of his motive in certain actions. It did not take long for me to satisfy myself that I was wrong, and nothing ever occurred to again shake my confidence in his absolute integrity of purpose. For some of the years of our acquaintance, our correspondence was regular and unreserved; but for the last four years, nearly, most of our communication has been personal, much of this period having been spent under the same roof. I have had good opportunity to study the character of the man and I do not hesitate to place my estimate of him on record.

To me, it appears almost unnecessary to write anything about the man who has so lately passed away. His work and his life have been far more eloquent than any words of mine can be, and such records should be enough to transmit his name to posterity along with those of the other teachers who have labored unselfishly for the human race. If any there be too blind to see that his life was devoted to others, and not to his personal interests, why labor to clear the vision of those who, after all, will not care to see?

There is not one act in the life of William Q. Judge that has come under my observation, that savors of selfishness or of a desire to further any personal end. He has been accused of ambition, and of taking unfair means to accomplish his desires; but it is only necessary to review the acts of his chief accusers to see that, in these accusations, they have voiced the desires and devices of their own hearts, and that the untruth and guile which his false friends sought to fasten upon him have flowed from their own lips and from their own pens in a flood as wide, as deep, and as black as the Styx of their combined and perverted imaginations. His life, during the last few years, has been a fight against the saddling of a priesthood upon the Society for which he lived. The cry of "no theosophical Pope," heard after the Boston Convention of April, 1895, was only the howl of chagrin set up by those whose plans for a Pope and an intellectual aristocracy had been defeated by this bold and necessary movement.

Perhaps I am not qualified to pass on the merits as an occultist of the man whose memory I hold in such grateful esteem; but I can, at least, speak of what has passed before my eyes in the ordinary affairs of life, and in these affairs I have invariably found him to be the soul of unselfishness, honor, generosity, and all the other virtues that men hold so dear in other men. The severity which some saw in him was on the outside, only. He was not always patient with folly and faintheartedness, yet even these drew from him pity rather than condemnation, and nothing except deliberate cowardice persisted in, and treachery to the Cause itself, seemed to place the offender outside the pale of his present sympathy and attention.

He was singularly free from the vice of constantly seeking to explain and justify his actions. He believed in doing the present good act, in carrying out the present good intention, leaving the result where it belonged. Even when something occurred which, apparently, called for particular explanation and justification, he usually neither explained nor justified. The most striking example of this, of which I have any knowledge, grew out of a letter that I received from him in 1887, in which letter was folded another on different paper and written, in blue, in the hand made so familiar by reason of the frequent "exposures" of "so-

called Mahatmic messages." The enclosure was directly in explanation of a matter that was no more than hinted at in Judge's own letter, and when I wrote, making a jocular allusion to his effort at precipitating a letter for my benefit, he answered, in a direct, straightforward way, that he had done nothing of the kind and would not; but, contrary to his usual custom, he gave a theory of how such things might be accomplished. Some years afterwards we met in St. Louis and I showed him the letter and the enclosure. After turning the papers over for a moment he looked me straight in the face and said, in the simplest manner, "I can't explain it. It's a dead give-away." And there the matter rested. But for my certain belief in his integrity I might have doubted him then, might have given some heed to the cry of "fraud" later. Years after the occurrence I found out, independently of Judge, the truth about the matter and my faith in his sincerity was abundantly justified.

Among all my friends and acquaintances, William Q. Judge was least wasteful of time. He seemed never to rest, for work was his rest. And yet he was not, in any sense, an unsociable man, and during a visit that he once made to Cincinnati where I first met him, he seemed more a schoolboy bent on having a good time than the man he really was. During the last few years, he seemed to become more and more absorbed in his work, and yet, much as he was struggling through, and it was enough to appall the ordinary hardworking man, he never hesitated to take on some other burden if it appeared to promise well for the movement in which he was so thoroughly wrapped up. Notwithstanding the busy life that he led, he was one of the most accessible men that I ever knew, and one of the few who was always ready to accept a suggestion. He did not know everything, and was aware of the fact, but he did know how to utilize the material that he found ready to his hand. If he could not get just what he wanted in help or in any other matter, he took what offered and made the most of it. He was intensely loyal to his friends and gave each one an opportunity to show their true color. That some who were supposed to be his friends finally proved otherwise is nothing to his discredit. He let them expose their own weaknesses, their own love of personality rather than principle, and when some of them mounted a highly moral platform that ill accorded with their own deeds in private life and wrote beautiful platitudes on "Truth and Occultism," he hardly took the trouble to express the contempt that such Pharisaical utterances must have awakened in his mind.

Though he was always the same kindly friend to me, never in all these years writing or speaking a harsh word to me, I am aware that in his intercourse with the many people whom he met "the Irish boy" sometimes came between himself and others. To those who were aware of the real inner life of the man this is enough explanation for the apparent

contradictions and failings on the everyday plane of life that he shared in common with the rest of mankind. That he ever deliberately wounded or deceived any one is unthinkable to me, and there are yet others who knew him far better and more intimately than I. Let them speak, each for himself, each from his own standpoint, yet I feel that the summing up of it all will be: "One of the world's benefactors and great friends has departed: he was our friend, he was the friend of all. If we are to show our appreciation of his friendship and his life we will try to carry on the work, each one according to his ability." The matter is very plain, the opportunity is waiting for each one, and if I may be allowed to say it, I think that any work that comes to hand, no matter how slight it may appear, is much better than waiting for something grand to do. If the little tasks are shirked the grand ones will never come within our grasp.

ELLIOTT B. PAGE.

ONE OF THE IMMORTALS.

MEN can really be judged only by their equals or superiors. The Adept side of the character of Wm. Q. Judge stands above criticism or judgment by all not Adepts; we can only recognize something different from ourselves, and, in a far-off way, imitate, admire and reverence. That many of us *did* recognize the greatness of the soul manifesting through the frail body, is a supreme consolation in our hour of bereavement. His pupils were not altogether unworthy of their Teacher; there was, and is, a spiritual kinship which has been mightily strengthened during this our last, and all too brief, association.

For Wm. Q. Judge was an Adept—a great one, however much the true man was hidden behind the one of clay. Is it reasonable to suppose that at a time when the Great Lodge had for foes the intellectual giants—the Spencers, Mills, Huxleys, and Darwins,—of an era the very apotheosis of materialistic agnosticism, they sent tyros or babes to do battle for the world? Nay; they sent their best and bravest; were there no other proof of this, the work accomplished would be sufficient. Right royally did H. P. B. march down to Armageddon; confounding the learned by her wisdom, mocking materialism by her wonderful exhibition of abnormal and at first sight supernatural powers. But she was the Knight errant, who fought amid the beating of drums, and the clash and clamor, the excitement and glory, of a princely tournament. None the less royally did Wm. Q. Judge do his knightly duty on his silent, unnoticed field of battle. His place, his task, it was to teach ethics; to turn aside the craze for

phenomena and wonder-working into the more healthy, lasting channels of love for our fellow men. H. P. B. laid the foundations well; but it was left for Wm. Q. Judge to build strongly and safely thereon.

What now remains of Christianity but an appeal to discredited "miracles," to an emotionalism which has neither an intellectual nor a spiritual basis? Yet Christ unquestionably taught the philosophy of H. P. B. and Wm. Q. Judge. It was swallowed up amidst the casting out of devils, and the healing of the lame and blind. So would the rush of phenomena-crazed and wonder-seekers have drowned out all philosophy and ethics, and left Theosophy to the fate of Christianity, but for the efforts of the mighty Western Adept, Wm. Q. Judge. He who fails to recognize this, the place and part in the battle of this century, occupied by our "Chief," will wretchedly fail in his estimate of his character. He himself well knew that which he had to accomplish, and not for a moment did he lose sight of his appointed task. Through all his writings, both public and private, ran the same golden web of brotherhood, toleration, unselfishness. "Letters That Have Helped me"—How many thousand reëcho the title after reading the book? It will go down to the ages still helping; for times, manners, customs, peoples, may and must change, but ethical teachings will endure. They are of eternity; not of time.

His private correspondence was immense, and who, of all the immense number of those written to can say that he ever received a letter which was not helpful, if read in the spirit in which it was sent? A mine of ethical and philosophical teachings will yet be unearthed out of these private letters, for many of the holders realize their value. "Do not judge in anger, for, though the anger passes, *the judgment remains!*" What a grasp of occult philosophy; what a deep knowledge of human life, is displayed in this apparently incidental remark, in a letter to the writer. All his letters are studded with like jewels, bestowed in the careless profusion of unbounded wealth.

And none were so high as to demand his attention and help; none so low that they could not command it. The universality of his love was like that of Buddha or Christ. Looking beyond the humble or proud personality, he ever knocked upon the doors of the soul within; ever sought to arouse the Self which he recognized in every breast.

That he made enemies, is not matter for wonder. The world has ever crucified its Christs, and brought but hemlock to the lips of its ethical teachers. Little vanity is irritated in the presence of that which it cannot comprehend, but which it feels to be its superior. So the world must have its Golgothas, until the Child Humanity has grown wiser and less cruel. But for those who have attacked and maligned him, let there be no word of upbraiding; they were incapable of understanding him, and he—forgave them.

Yet while we reverence the Adept, let us not therefore lose sight of the man, for even in his simplest life he was great. Those who have seen him lay aside every care, and for the moment become the mirth-loving, gleeful companion, will not need to be reminded of this beautiful side of his character. To the children and the humble and lowly in the Society, he was a revelation. They heard of him with awe, they approached him with fear and trembling, they instantly recognized their own, and became his sworn friends forever. This was wonderful—how wholly the very humblest in our ranks, who came into his presence personally, loved and trusted him.

His work is done. He had drawn around him a living Society; a body of men well grounded in philosophy and ethics, who cannot be turned aside by the glamour of phenomena, or the desire to become wonder workers. Faithfully he stood at his post until the last of his chosen recognized their real work, and set about it in all honesty and sincerity. Had he ever flung phenomena at our heads we would have indeed been lost. But the pure philosophy, the high ethics, the generous love and work for others, of which he was a living example, at last brought forth their fruit, and the time came when he could safely pass on.

And so our great Leader sank to his well-won rest. No more the wan, emaciated body will be dragged by the imperious soul to its ceaseless round of sacrificing toil; no more that pure heart grieve over ingratitude or weakness. Like the Gentile Adept of old he can truthfully say, "I have fought the good fight: I have kept the faith." And his reward will be the greatest that immortal man can win—the right to again fight in the very front ranks of those who serve humanity; the blessed privilege to again sacrifice and suffer; to be again reviled and crucified. For one day through the efforts of him, and such as he, Humanity will have been redeemed.

JEROME A. ANDERSON.

A FRIEND OF OLD TIME AND OF THE FUTURE.

As such does William Q. Judge appear to me, as doubtless he does to many others in this and other lands.

The first Theosophical treatise that I read was his *Epitome of Theosophy;* my first meeting with him changed the whole current of my life. I trusted him then, as I trust him now and all those whom he trusted; to me it seems that "trust" is the bond that binds, that makes the strength of the Movement, for it is of the heart. And this trust he called forth was not allowed to remain a blind trust, for as time went on, as the energy, steadfastness and devotion of the student became more marked, the "real W. Q. J." was more and more revealed, until the power that radiated through him became in each an ever present help in the work. As such it remains to-day, a living centre in each heart that trusted him, a focus for the Rays of the coming "great messenger."

Having been engaged in active T. S. work in Boston for over seven years, it has been my Karma to be brought in touch with him under many different circumstances, the various crises, local and general, through which the Society has safely passed. In all these, his was the voice that encouraged or admonished, his the hand that guided matters to a harmonious issue. Of his extraordinary power of organization, his marvellous insight into the character and capacity of individuals, his ability of turning seeming evils into powers for good, I have had many proofs.

That he was a "great occultist" many know by individual experience, but none have fathomed the depths of his power and knowledge. The future will reveal much in regard to him that is now hidden, will show the real scope of his life-work. We know that to us that life-work has been an inestimable boon, and that through us it must be bestowed on others. The lines have been laid down for us by H. P. B., W. Q. J., and Masters, and we can take again as our watchword, that which he gave us at the passing of H. P. B., "Work, watch and wait." We will not have long to wait.

ROBERT CROSBIE.

"THE GREATEST OF THE EXILES."

Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be.

HOWEVER philosophical we may endeavor to be and however firmly we may try to live our teacher's great precept, that we are that Self which is eternal, changeless and ever present, we still miss the physical presence of a near and dear friend—aye—to many of us, the nearest and dearest friend. We miss the kindly act, the considerate thought, the unselfish help, the loving sympathy, and whether it be theosophical or untheosophical we mourn our departed companion.

It is a privilege to give a few incidents of my relationship with Mr. Judge that will serve as a testimony of my love and his greatness. I met him nearly ten years ago, when the T. S. Headquarters was a little inside room in an office building in Park Row, not ten feet square, without a window, with little light and no ventilation. It was crammed full of books, pamphlets and extra copies of the first few numbers of *The Path*. The books were mostly publications of the Indian Section, as in those days neither London nor New York had become active centres and there was little of the Theosophical bibliography which is now so extensive. There was just room in the confusion for Mr. Judge and myself to sit down, and there he initiated me into the Society, giving me the signs and passwords which were then a part of that formality. I was considerably impressed and remember to have been delighted with Mr. Judge's smile. All my recollections of him teem with impressions of that exquisite smile. For some years, residence in the West prevented frequent intercourse, though I remember once in Chicago in 1888 or '89 he dropped in upon me most unexpectedly. We spent the day together and as a result I was thereafter a better man.

In the summer of 1894 we were privileged to have him stay at our house for several weeks, and since then he spent at least one evening a week with us until his illness forced him to leave New York. Of the "Row" itself I cannot speak, but one result of it I know and that is the effect the bitterness and strife had upon the health and vitality of Mr. Judge. Day after day he would come back from the office utterly exhausted in mind and body, and night after night he would lay awake fighting the arrows of suspicion and doubt that would come at him from all over the world. He said they were like shafts of fire piercing him; and in the morning he would come downstairs wan and pale and unrested, and one step nearer the limit of his strength; but still with the

same gentle and forgiving spirit. Truly they knew not what they did. He wrote me not long before he died that if it were not for the love and sympathy of his friends he could not keep up the fight. These tended to counterbalance the evil thoughts that reached him, but he was the battle ground of the contending forces, and the strain was too much for his physical health.

Mr. Judge's nearest friends care as little for phenomena and phenomenal happenings as he did, but for purposes of record an account of a few incidents may not be amiss. He would cautiously, but still quite frequently give evidence to the observant that he was, when he desired, quite aware of your thoughts, and of what happened at places where he was not.

Perhaps the neatest little thing of the kind was once when my wife had been discussing with a friend the date of the invention of writing.

Two or three hours later Mr. Judge came in, greeted them, took up a piece of paper and wrote on it: "Was writing known before Panini?" and handed it to my wife before he had said a word or been spoken to beyond greetings. This well known article in *Five Years of Theosophy* was found to cover just the obscure points of the discussion.

While staying with us in the country in 1894 he would take me out for a 15 or 20 minutes' walk just before bedtime and when in a talkative mood would describe to me the things he then saw interiorly; elementals of all kinds, pictures in the astral light, some trivial, some most interesting and in the nature of prophetic visions. I recollect a series of visions he described to me which represented the condition and future of a certain person prominent among those attacking him, and although this happened in August, 1894, long before the Convention in Boston, everything described has come true. He told me that the Master quite frequently informed him of important matters by means of allegorical pictures, as one picture would contain as much information as pages of a letter or message, and he described how he could tell these pictures from those of an ordinary astral character.

It seems so strange to me, who have known Mr. Judge for years, to think that any Theosophist could honestly doubt that he was in constant communication with the Masters, or that he himself was not an advanced occultist, for his whole life proved both these things. Perhaps the most striking evidence of his greatness was the wisdom with which he treated different people and the infinite knowledge of character shown by him in his guidance of his pupils. I do not believe he was the same to any two people. Looking back now over many years of intercourse, tracing my own growth and change, and the part Mr. Judge played in it, I am convinced that not only did he thoroughly understand me, both inside and out, but that during all those years he was working with a

definite purpose in view, trying to guide me along a certain path in a definite direction, to attain a definite result. I believe it was the same with all his pupils. We play different parts in the world and the movement, and he knew it and allowed for it, and directed accordingly.

His most loveable trait was his exquisite sympathy and gentleness. It has been said of him that no one ever touched a sore spot with such infinite tenderness, and I know many that would rather have been scolded and corrected by Mr. Judge than praised by anyone else.

It was the good fortune of a few of us to know something of the real Ego who used the body known as Wm. Q. Judge. He once spent some hours describing to my wife and me the experience the Ego had in assuming control of the instrument it was to use for so many years. The process was not a quick nor an easy one and indeed was never absolutely perfected, for to Mr. Judge's dying day, the physical tendencies and heredity of the body he used would crop up and interfere with the full expression of the inner man's thoughts and feelings. An occasional abruptness and coldness of manner was attributable to this lack of coordination. Of course Mr. Judge was perfectly aware of this and it would trouble him for fear his friends would be deceived as to his real feelings. He was always in absolute control of his thoughts and actions, but his body would sometimes slightly modify their expression.

Mr. Judge told me in December, 1894, that the Judge body was due by its Karma to die the next year and that it would have to be tided over this period by extraordinary means. He then expected this process to be entirely successful and that he would be able to use that body for many years, but he did not count upon the assaults from without and the strain and exhaustion due to the "Row." This and the body's heredity proved too much for even his will and power. Two months before his death he knew he was to die, but even then the indomitable will was hard to conquer and the poor exhausted, pain-racked body was dragged through a miserable two months in one final and supreme effort to stay with his friends. And when he did decide to go those who loved him most were the most willing for the parting.

I thank the Gods that I was privileged to know him. It was a benediction to call him friend, and the devotion of a lifetime to the movement he gave his life to would be but a partial expression of the gratitude of

G. Hijo.

MAN AND TEACHER.

Oh the mystery of the Divine Ego back of every manifestation in the physical! Which of us can write truly of that divinity which for a time we see clothed with the body? It was not my privilege to be personally with W. Q. J. often or for any length of time, but the few opportunities I had will always be remembered. My knowledge of him, of his thought, his motives and desires, was gained for the greater part through correspondence and his published writings. I have his letters for seven years covering personal matters and the Society's work and needs. That he could give to one out of many so much speaks for his untiring energy as well as his kindness and willingness to enter into another's needs and life. In all this there was ever the one purpose that my own mind might be cleared of difficulties and that the T. S. should be carried forward in the one direction, the spread of Theosophy and of pure ethics.

To a greater extent than I have ever realized I know he entered into my life and I am equally sure into the lives of thousands, and this fact I see we are to acknowledge as time passes more and more. At the present time we do not see clearly his thought in our thought, his direction in our action, the moulding he accomplished, but it will show and become more apparent with time and we will be able to look back and see the point at which we turned our course, where we took on the ideas he gave and where he practically placed us in the niche we fill or are to fill in the Great Movement of which he was the Chief. Some of us had called him in private "Chief" for years and it was neither an idle term of endearment, nor one of worship, but rather of loving comradeship, the leading comrade of all, whose direction was most gladly taken. He swore no one to allegiance, he asked for no one's love or loyalty; but his disciples came to him of their own free will and accord, and then he never deserted them, but gave more freely than they asked and often in greater measure than they could or would use. He was always a little ahead of the occasion, and so was truly a leader.

Who he was in this incarnation, who he had been in other lives, at what points our lives and work may have touched before, all belongs to that mystery of the Divine Ego, seldom known to any one while we remain on this plane of consciousness, but here he was my friend and teacher. To the loving Friend I must bid adieu, but the Teacher I shall not part with. With all of his faithful ones it seems to me this relation may grow more intimate, for we can now seek his meaning without the distraction of current events or of passing troubles, and "Letters that

Have Helped me," his articles on almost the whole range of Theosophy, his remembered sayings, will take on a meaning much deeper than heretofore.

Others with better words will tell of his more intimate daily life, of his greatness of soul, his devotion and self-sacrifice, to all of which I can bear witness.

My Brothers, I think he would be pleased if I put it this way:

William Q. Judge endowed us with a great fund of knowledge, of that which will help us onward, better than riches, a store for the future, ours to use and to benefit by, but after all a trust fund, which we are to administer upon. We are to use this but not to keep it; all that may be ours we must, as he did, give away, pass on to him who needs. Let us see to it that we prove wise and faithful administrators!

EDWARD B. RAMBO.

W. Q. JUDGE AS ORGANIZER.

INTO the lives of most of us there will come at some time or other an epoch when the struggling but vague aspirations of our higher nature will pause in their aimless and indefinite wanderings, and, focussed as it were by some strong attraction, concentrate themselves into definite intention and persistent effort. All down the line of history men and women are found of such strong personality that, like great magnets, they have drawn about themselves the scattered and diverse forces of a multitude, and, mobilizing into one great strong mass the various qualities, temperaments and characteristics of many minds, have thus been enabled to lead an assault upon some stronghold of Nature, whether it be in politics, sociology or commerce. Such a one was Wm. Q. Judge.

That Wm. Q. Judge was great among the leaders of men was conceded by those who knew him best while he lived, but now that he is dead and a gradual realization of his accomplished work comes upon us, his grand soul looms up as one with whom we may have walked, but whom alas we little knew indeed.

Men have led armies to conquest and been worshipped by their followers for their skill and success in shedding life. Men have built up nations, founded governments or opened up new regions to the influence of civilization, and have been justly commended and honored therefor. Writers of prose and sweet singers in song have won our admiration and our plaudits, and the discoveries and adaptations of science, challenge no less our gratitude and support; but he who would call men away from their pursuit of greed and gain to the contemplation and consideration of internal being and eternal life, seldom has more than his labor for his

pains, and thus it was with Judge. Yet strangely now that he is dead there come from thousands of hearts attestations of deep grief and sense of loss unmistakably as sincere as they are rare. He was indeed more to us than we thought.

I knew him with some degree of intimacy for the past eight years, meeting him often and under varied conditions, and never for one moment on any occasion did he fail to command my respect and affection, and that I should have had the privilege of his acquaintance I hold a debt to Karma. A good homely face and unpretentious manner, a loving disposition, full of kindliness and honest friendship, went with such strong common sense and knowledge of affairs that his coming was always a pleasure and his stay a delight. The children hung about him fondly as he would sit after dinner and draw them pictures, for he was handy with the pencil.

Judge's work while connected with Europe and Asia of course had especially to do with America, and though the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society remained for a long time in India, it is easily apparent that America was to be the scene of the greatest development of the Theosophic movement. Years ago Judge told me that the Headquarters would eventually be in New York.

Following the course of events during the past three years, including the reorganization of the Society in April, 1895, under the title of The Theosophical Society in America and culminating in Mr. Judge's death, we cannot but be conscious of a mysterious guidance of no ordinary wisdom, nor need it be wondered that now when the great leader has gone, and it might be expected that despair and inaction should seize upon the members of the Society, the very contrary effect has ensued and from every quarter come renewed protestations of loyalty and devotion to the objects of the Theosophic movement with the most vigorous determination to carry them out, and never since my connection with the Society have I seen such force, such vigor, such activity.

And more: though he whom we knew as Wm. Q. Judge has in the course of all nature laid down the outer body with which he worked, even as a workman puts aside a worn-out tool, think not that this great movement, of which the T. S. is but the outward expression, is left for one day without competent leadership and control. That the masterful intelligences heretofore acknowledged are still in command, certain and positive assurance has come to those whose duty it will be to carry on the management and direction of the Society. To these latter I urge my brother members to extend all possible aid, moral, mental, and physical, for their labor and their sacrifice must be their only reward.

A. H. Spencer.

A FRIEND AND A BROTHER.

A POWERFUL genius and promoter of the Theosophical movement in America has passed away from the gaze of the eye, but the organization of which he was the head is a living witness to the worth of him who in his last incarnation bore the name of William Quan Judge.

My acquaintance with him dates from 1888; he was the only man I ever met with whom I felt safe in all directions. The depth of his nature as it appeared to me was fathomless. His character was balanced, for he had an all absorbing ideal, his thoughts and doings emanated from the soul and not from superficial motives. He was careless of the impressions that he might produce by anything he said or did, the personal element being mostly absent, and he was sincere always, unless it was at times when he would permit the surface man to prevail and submitted to the frolics and idiosyncrasies of his more human nature, but even then there was mastery supreme.

He had the faculty of observing and synthesizing circumstances, persons and events; in fact here I often detected what people sometimes call occult knowledge. For instance: once during conversation, while he spoke, I thought of the time of day and was about to move my hand towards the watch-pocket but without actually doing it, when he broke in and said, "It is half-past eight," and continued the conversation.

He was an occultist; he had the power of self-control and could subdue the turbulent wanderings of the mind, sit still in the midst of his own nature, supported by his ideal and view any and every situation dispassionately. What wonder that he saw clearly! In matters Theosophical all his mind and soul was aglow and alive with deepest interest; whatever question or problem arose he would view it starting with his basic ideal of the spiritual unity of all things, *the Self;* sublime harmony was contained in its comprehension, and a mode of adjustment for everything found in its source.

This philosophy he claimed is brought to view in the book of books, the *Bhagavad Gita,* and he used to say that the *Gita* and *Secret Doctrine* were quite enough for him to attempt to understand and to follow in this life.

To careful readers of Theosophical literature it cannot have failed to occur that such a remarkable depth of character as was shown in Mr. Judge's great boldness, precision and wisdom must have belonged to an old and advanced Ego. Of this there can be no doubt, for those who

have heard him speak in public. Whoever was in a receptive mood when he spoke, must have heard in his voice the ring of inexpressible sympapathy and have felt that his words were laden with the wisdom of the ages.

He never tired of making things plain and simple, so simple that it was possible almost for poor mortals to understand the sublime truths to which he gave utterance, and I am sure that he lighted the fire of love in many a breast and awakened others from impotent slumber. I have reason to believe that his last incarnation was one of those in which the Ego takes consciously hold of a matured body whose owner had either departed by death, or sacrificed his life and his body on the altar of the great cause, for the sake of humanity, thus becoming a vehicle for the manifestation of a high occultist.

He was called by some "*The Rajah.*" I wrote him once at the end of a period of prolonged anxiety, worry and trouble in my affairs, asking what was the lesson to be learned from it, as I could not make the application myself. His reply was: "The lesson is not different from anything in life. It is just Karma, and being applied to large circumstances seems larger, but is in reality no more than the small ones of others. Calmness is the best lesson to learn with an indifference to results. If all comes right it is well, and if you have been calm and detached then it is better, for you shall have made no new Karma of attachment by it. Calmness also preserves health in all affairs more than anything else and also leaves the mind free to act well."

An interesting incident, one that should provoke thoughtfulness, was this: In 1891, during a conversation between members of the Aryan Branch, the assertion was made that the proportions of the symbol "Tau," which was then worn as an emblem by many members,—were not correct. I cogitated in my mind what the correct proportions might be, leaving the solution of the question to some time when I would have the chance to get the information from a work on symbolism. Three months passed without such opportunity, and the subject recurred to my mind frequently; however, I spoke to no one whatever about it. One evening, before the Branch meeting, I approached Mr. Judge as usual for a few minutes conversation, when he drew from his pocket an envelope on which was the sign of the "Tau," drawn with pen and ink, which he handed me with the words, "These are the correct proportions." He never gave me an explanation and I never asked for one, but it led me to observe him more closely and much more attentively than before.

From him I learned to disentangle principle from condition. He viewed all questions from the standpoint of the principle or essence that each contained in itself, without reference to personality, and his quick

perception of every situation, together with the application of his ideal principles, enabled him to judge correctly at all times.

During the period of the fierce persecution carried on by members of the Society against him, he exhibited calmness supreme, he resolved to work ceaselessly and did so unmoved. He succeeded well, as the great activity of the movement now going on in this country shows; he had around him a strong band of helpers who never wavered for a moment in their confidence in him, or his judgment, truthfulness and aims. They still stand like a rock as then.

Whenever his advice was followed on the lines of his own example in any matter in or outside of the Society's work, it would invariably simplify the most complicated situation; in other words the standpoint of truth and the establishment of harmony was ever the attitude which he held towards everything that he touched. He was non-argumentative, because he thought by argument no one could be finally convinced, —"each has to hew out his own conviction,"—nevertheless he was easily approachable, gentle, sympathetic, but above all strong and powerful whenever and wherever it was necessary to put in a word at the right time, or to act on the spot.

Needless to say that my association with him caused a change in my life and doings, such as to enlarge my views of existence and to help me to take up a more helpful attitude towards my fellowmen, thus binding me to him in everlasting gratitude.

E. Aug. Neresheimer.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PRESENT TIME.

There comes to every soul undergoing its tremendous experiences in material life some time or other an awakening. No matter how deeply absorbed in human pursuits or tossed about on the waves of psychism and passion, at length there dawns in it a spiritual consciousness, a god-like memory. It is the early blush of this dawn that the student, coming for the first time in contact with Theosophical literature, perceives: and even though the horizon be heavily clouded with mists, nevertheless there is at such a time an awakening—the sun can never sink back or its light be entirely lost for that incarnation at any rate. Therefore to many the first days of their studentship are remembered with more delight than any which follow. The awakening, the trust, the faith, the renewed sense of immortality, are all cherished far beyond whatever of knowledge may follow. Then, they saw clearly;

since then, they have taken to speculation and suspicion, and dimmed their soul's intuitions. How we should like to drink again the deep draughts of spiritual wisdom we imbibed in our early Theosophical days! But we cannot, because we feel dull and despairing, suspicious, jealous and ambitious. We must needs now see the soul with our physical eyes before we will believe in it; reincarnation is relegated to the domain of metaphysical speculation; Berkeley turns out to have said almost everything that Theosophy teaches (and in so much better English!); and Blavatsky's tea-cup phenomena established her as a humorist more than as a philosopher. So we either resign from the T. S., or stay in it to disagree with everybody else's views—just to let the public see how broad our platform is. Or we preach the gloomy side of the whole matter, point out the horrible sufferings of "the candidate," the nightmare condition of the student—and call on the world to come and do likewise. We have got so far away from our real selves that nothing remains but a shell of unguided mentality.

This condition applies to the whole Society as much as to the units composing it. All spiritual organizations have entered into similar states. At first full of life and light, they gradually sink back to materialism, mentality and darkness. Priestcraft takes the place of Brotherhood, dogmas are exchanged for intuitions, and if such associations stand at all they do so simply as business institutions. This is the present state of the Christian Church. Whereas in the beginning the labors of the Initiates who established it made it a society for the restoration of the lost soul-wisdom of mankind, in the end by innumerable failures it has become a vehicle of materialism and superstition, and whatever inspiration still springs from it is only to be seen as purely ethical in its nature, being without the possibility of awakening the soul. So also with nearly all the past societies that played any part in the great Theosophical Movement.

Our present Society has passed through all these phases. Like the student when he first comes in contact with Theosophical literature, its early days were full of spiritual vigor and power. It was indeed this vigor, precipitated through one strong soul—H. P. B.,—that originated the Society, not the Society which awakened it in her. And when this soul passed away that impulse was withdrawn, and the organization must surely have fallen to the state of all ordinary religious institutions, had not another stepped forward to the work. This latter was W. Q. Judge, who saved the Society from the danger of crystalization and carried it through a crisis scarcely paralleled in the history of such organizations.

In some ways Judge did a greater work than Blavatsky. At any rate he started out far more heavily handicapped than she. H. P. B., like

all the other adepts, worked not merely to establish doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, but to inspire the soul and raise it to the point of initiation. If in this it was a necessary part of her work to prepare the intellectual soil, by freeing the mind from ruts and its preconceived materialistic ideas, that did not mean that she lived only to found a school of speculative philosophy. The latter grew in the T. S. as auxiliary to her work; but some found room for nothing else, and forgot entirely the deeper purpose of her life. Consequently, when she passed away, many desired to transform the Society into an intellectual institution, without spiritual daylight, composed of mental grubbers in old philosophies, or vivisectors of the *Secret Doctrine*, and psychical researchers. They had done with belief in Masters and high powers. All this Judge had to combat, and, even if the Society were to be broken to pieces as a result of his actions, to restore at all costs its light. It is therefore little matter of surprise to find him arraigned for trial in London three years later by some of these fanatics, for stating that he had received messages from adepts and was possessed of psychical powers. In July, 1894, the dark powers were arrayed against the light, and temporarily the brightest side won. But the work was not fully accomplished. It was necessary, to save even a remnant of the Society, to separate the soul-learners from the intellectually wise. With all the skill and power at his command Judge carried over to the safe side practically the whole of the American societies at the Boston Convention in April, 1895, and from that date forward—his great work in the Western Hemisphere accomplished—he gradually relinquished his entire hold on the work, living only to see real nuclei for the carrying on of the movement established in Europe and Australasia.

And what is the significance of it all? Simply this, that the Theosophical movement, since it still lives, through the sacrifice of W. Q. Judge, cannot be destroyed in this century. Its momentum is such that it must be carried forward. As Judge himself said, just before he passed away, "Even if I die, the movement will be all right; it has gone too far now for anything to interfere with it." And the significance of the movement in its present life and vigor is that there are thousands in the world calling for spiritual aid—and that aid cannot be withheld. It should be known by all that in order that a great occultist may die he must have an heir and successor to carry on his occult work. This is a law of nature and of the Lodge. A new centre must have been prepared to act as a vehicle to receive and transmit the life and power that is abandoning its present instrument. Once this preparation is made such an occultist may die; not before. That this was done in the case of W. Q. Judge, I know; for he had fully prepared the Antaskarana, and while the spiritual energy he exercised was at his death distributed among

all members and workers, nevertheless his inner powers centred in one.

A new Messenger has come to us, to carry on the work of the spiritual revivifiers. Some have already felt the dawn of the new day, have once again had reawakened within them the freshness and sunshine of the soul. To them the early days of the Society have come again, a new spiritual vigor has been infused into its ranks. "The day-spring from on high," a light from the Lodge, has descended on the movement and the ranks organized by our late chief. Shall not all lend their aid now more than ever!

They crucified Blavatsky; they crucified Judge; who shall say if we can protect from the powers of darkness our latest helper?

CLAUDE FALLS WRIGHT.

LITERARY NOTES.

LOTUSBLUTEN for March is a good number, containing "The Wisdom of the Egyptians," "Karma," "Fragments Out of the Mysteries," and the usual notes. [G.]

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM for March. Four more answers are given to Question 55. That of Mr. Spencer particularly is undisguised in disapproval of the question. Of the two replies to Question 56 we prefer Mr. Fussell's. [G.]

SPHINX for March opens with a translation of an article by Mohini M. Chatterji, which appeared in an old *Theosophist* called "On The Higher Aspects of Theosophic Studies." Dr. Hübbe Schleiden has some further notes of travel, and Dr. Goring contributes six of the nine remaining articles. [G.]

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST for April. "Two Souls Within Each Breast" explains the conflict known to each human heart, of god and animal; the dual nature of man which makes him the soul's great battle ground. A paper on "The Aim of Life" follows, and we have two notices of our departed leader, one by the editor, the other "A Pilgrim Hath Returned," by Allen Griffiths. [G.]

LAMP for March opens with "Action, Duty and Character." A thoughtful article by Ben Madighan follows, "Five Minutes on Time and Space," explaining the action of the Wheel of Life. "Experience" fittingly clothes certain valuable ideas, always worth bringing forward, and "Settling Accounts" is a truly remarkable dream. A description is given of the "Annual Meeting of the Beaver T. S." and there are the usual "International Sunday School Lessons," cuttings, comments and reviews. [G.]

LUCIFER for March. Our very intellectual contemporary gives us an interesting little talk on "Folk Lore" by W. F. Kirby. Bertram Keightley contributes a paper on "The Desire Body," and there is another article on the Quietists by Otway Cuffe. "Man and His Bodies," "Orpheus," "Early Christianity and Its Teachings," and "Devachan" are all continued. "On The Watch Tower" is devoted to Anna Kingsford, and her recently published life by Edward Maitland. [G.]

ISIS for February. The second number of Dr. Coryn's little magazine gives us much of interesting matter. In the editorial, entitled "Past and Future" is summed up the changes which have taken place since the birth of the T. S. twenty years ago. The promised series on "The Study of The Secret Doctrine" is begun, as well as a life of Cagliostro. Decidedly the most notable article, however, is "A Commonplace" by E. T. H., in which the necessity for purification of the mind as a "sheath of the soul," and the true nature of that purification, is dwelt upon. [G.]

After numerous attempts, resulting in more or less satisfaction, a T. S. emblem has been secured which seems to meet with general approval. It is made in solid gold and enamel, and in sterling silver and enamel. The design was submitted to Mr. Judge some time before his death and met with his complete approbation. The emblem is mounted in three different styles in both metals. It can be had as a lapel-button, a clasp-pin, or a stick-pin at the uniform price of $2.50 in gold and $1.00 in silver, postage paid, from the Theosophical Publishing Co., 144 Madison Ave., New York.

One of the most fascinating books which has appeared for years is *Etidorhpa*. It is fiction of the most scientific kind, full of facts as well as, to the average man, full of theories, and a vein of the most serious occultism runs through its 360 pages. The author, John Neri Lloyd, is one of the best-known chemists in America, and his book has aroused wonderful interest among scientific and literary people. It is safe to say that no book on such lines has set so many people hard a-thinking in years. It will possess additional interest to members of the T. S. by reason of the many illustrations by one of our devoted members, J. Augustus Knapp of Cincinnati. [P.] For sale by Theosophical Pub. Co., $2.00.

IRISH THEOSOPHIST for March. The sympathetic and appreciative account of William Q. Judge's life is continued; most fitting its appearance at this time, when the great and little understood leader has passed from this sphere of activity. This instalment shows the close affection and understanding which existed unbroken between Mr. Judge and H. P. B., whatever slanderers may say to the contrary, and also makes us realize a few of the difficulties this undaunted spirit had to encounter. To some hearts in this hour of mourning it is the greatest of comforts to know, that from beginning to end they unwaveringly loved and trusted him. "Cycles and *The Secret Doctrine*" is an interesting article demonstrating the analogy of the great cosmic cycles given in the *Secret Doctrine* with individual life and progress. "Propaganda" brings out many excellent points. The best perhaps is that to be effective, we must be what we *teach*, and a second which is like unto it: let us *think* theosophy, and thus "go deeper than lectures and the press." "The Enchantment of Cuchullain" is concluded. [G.]

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

AMERICA.

NASHVILLE T. S. Six applications for membership have been received, the result of Mr. Harding's lecture before this Branch.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., was enthusiastic over the lectures delivered at that place by Mr. Harding. A large class was formed, and this is now being organized into a Branch.

SAVANNAH, Ga. As a result of the visit of Mr. Burcham Harding to this city a Branch of six members has been formed and Charter applied for. It is to be called Savannah T. S.

HARTFORD, Conn. The study class which has for some time been maintained in Hartford has now taken the form of a Branch, and an application for a Charter, signed by eight persons, was received on March 20th. Organization has been greatly helped by lectures given by Miss M. L. Guild and the good work of Miss Frances E. Burr and Mr. William H. Witham.

VARUNA T. S., Bridgeport, Conn., may congratulate itself on the great interest that has been incited by the monthly lectures held in the Branch parlors. The "lecture evening" was so stormy in March that few if any were expected, but thirty came and listened to an address given by Mr. Joseph H. Fussell on "After Death States." Many questions were asked, and the lecture was reported in the Bridgeport papers.

DEFIANCE, Ohio. Mr. C. W. Dailey, of Toledo Branch, taking advantage of the interest excited in Defiance by Mr. Harding's visit, has succeeded in organizing a Reading Centre with eight of the leading thinkers and business men of the city, five others being ready to join at the next meeting. Mr. Dailey writes that the members of the

Centre all seem ripe for Theosophy, and that a Branch will be organized at the end of three months.

THEOSOPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT GERMANIA. Application has been made by ten persons for Charter for a Branch to be known by the above name, and to be situated in New York City. This Branch, as its name indicates, is composed of Germans, and is the outgrowth of a centre started by Mr. T. Richard Prater and Mrs. Maria Schirrmeister in September last. Weekly meetings are held in the Headquarters building every Friday evening at 9.15.

LYNN T. S. In March three regular meetings were held with good attendance and strong prevailing interest in the subjects considered, which were taken from the *Key*. Miss M. L. Guild addressed the meeting of March 9th on "Man's Duty to Matter"; the meeting of March 16th was visited by Miss Leoline Leonard on behalf of the N. E. L. T. W.; and Mrs. Helen A. Smith, President of the Branch, gave an address on March 23d, taking for her subject "The Gods of the Bible."

WACHTMEISTER T. S., Chicago, Ill., is composed of Scandinavians, who are doing much earnest work among their countrymen throughout the United States. Several hundreds of tracts have been distributed, and correspondence opened with all those interested. The library has been increased, is free to the public, and is much used. The Branch uses the same room as the Loyalty T. S., and open meetings are conducted in the Scandinavian languages every Sunday morning at 10.30. At these meetings, varying in attendance from 15 to 40, a lecture is given, followed by discussion on the subject. A class for study meets every other Saturday.

NEW ORLEANS T. S. has held meetings regularly every Saturday night throughout the whole year with an average attendance of 15. It has two classes: a debating class working in public every second Saturday, and a *Secret Doctrine Class* which meets privately on Friday. The visit of E. T. Hargrove and his lectures given in the largest hall in the city under the auspices of this Branch have been instrumental in arousing the interest of the community, as evidenced by newspaper comments and by the fact that the issue of the *Times-Democrat* containing a synopsis of his lecture was sold out entirely within three days of its issue. The formation of a Lotus Circle is contemplated.

BURCHAM HARDING continued lecturing in the Southern States. March 18 to 20, he spoke at Chattanooga, Tenn., in the Unitarian Church, and a class to study was inaugurated. The 22d to 24th, lectures were given to large audiences at Atlanta, Ga., and a Branch was formed. The 26th to 28th, three lectures at Augusta, Ga., resulted in a Branch being formed. The 30th March to April 1st, at Savannah, Ga., great interest was aroused by the lectures and a Branch was started. April 3d to 5th, at Jacksonville, Fla., the work resulted in a Branch being established. March 7th to 9th, lectures were given at the Branch rooms at Macon. Ga., and a new training class was formed. The 11th to 13th, lectures at Columbus, Ga., brought out several interested inquirers who hope to form a class. The 14th to 16th, addresses at Memphis, Tenn., were appreciated by the Branch members. The Branch at Hot Springs, Ark., was visited, and lectures at the Eastman Hotel and the City Hall, were attended by large audiences. Mr. Harding then returned to New York. All through the South the greatest interest was exhibited, and the newspapers gave the fullest publicity to Theosophy.

OBITUARY. Mr. Duncan C. Ralston, member of the Brooklyn T. S., passed from this life at one o'clock Saturday morning, April 11th. His death was due to pneumonia, was very sudden, but painless. Mr. Ralston was an old member of the T. S., and his house, 464 Classon Avenue, has for years been used as the Headquarters of the Brooklyn Branch. At the funeral services, held on Sunday, John M. Pryse read extracts from the sacred books of the world; E. T. Hargrove spoke on the subject of death; William Main followed with remarks of a more personal nature, and Mr. John H. Requa, a non-member, spoke as an old personal friend. The body was cremated at Fresh Pond, Monday, the 13th. The T. S. A. loses a stanch supporter and many of its members a warm friend in Brother D. C. Ralston.

PACIFIC COAST.

THE P. C. T. C. is reorganizing so as to furnish more direct representation to the Coast Branches, and form a more effective nucleus for local and general work.

DR. ANDERSON'S NEW WORK, *Septenary Man*, has been the subject of very favor-

able criticism at the hands of the *San Francisco Call*, which suggests to its readers that it would be well for them to study Theosophy, especially in the light afforded by recent scientific discoveries.

MRS. S. A. HARRIS, President of the Oakland Branch, returned in February from a nine months' lecturing tour in British Columbia, Oregon, and Washington. The Branches and centres visited by her all report a great stimulus resulting from her labors. Meetings were often continued until after midnight.

KSHANTI T. S., Victoria, B. C. This Branch meets regularly twice a week, on Wednesday evenings for study, and on Sunday evenings for public lectures. The average attendance at the latter is about fifty. The rooms of the Society are at 28 Broad Street, and the library of 180 volumes is well used by the public.

SOQUEL T. S., Calif., has lost five of its nine members by removal to San Francisco, leaving but four in Soquel; but these are faithful ones and true workers. They hold meetings regularly every other Sunday, a few visitors generally attending. A small library is maintained, and *Theosophy*, *The Irish Theosophist*, and *The Lamp* subscribed to.

AURORA T. S., Oakland, Calif., gave the following lectures during the month: March 1st, "The Ancient Wisdom Religion," E. G. Merwin; 8th, "Adepts and Their Pupils," Amos J. Johnson; 15th, "The Meaning of Immortality," Mrs. Mercie M. Thirds; 22d, "Modern Crimes," Dr. Allen Griffiths; 29th, "Theosophy and Social Questions," Mrs. J. D. Hassfurther. Dr. Anne J. Patterson has arranged with a local paper, *The Oakland Tribune*, to print a half column synopsis of all lectures given before the Branch.

SAN FRANCISCO THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS were removed on April 26th to large and commodious quarters, Rooms 525, 526, Parrot Building, on Market Street. The old Headquarters were in an inconvenient part of the city, and it is anticipated that the present change will result in a much better attendance on the part of both members and visitors at the reading room and at Branch meetings. An Ethical Class has recently been organized for the study of Yoga Aphorisms and various devotional books.

SAN FRANCISCO T. S. The following lectures were given in this Branch during March: 1st, "Human Perfectability," Dr. Jerome A. Anderson; 8th, "The Meaning of Immortality," Mrs. Mercie M. Thirds; 15th, "Inoculation and Hypnotism," Dr. Allen Griffiths; 22d, Memorial Services, commemorating the life and work of William Q. Judge, the meeting being addressed by Dr. J. A. Anderson, Mrs. L. A. Russell, Mr. T. H. Slator, Dr. W. W. Gamble, Dr. Anne J. Patterson and Mrs. M. M. Thirds; 29th, "Theosophy in Practice," Evan Williams.

The Editor of THEOSOPHY.

Dear Sir and Brother:—I shall be glad if you will allow me to express my sincere and heartfelt thanks to the many members and Branches of the Society who have written letters and in some cases passed resolutions expressing their sympathy for me in our recent loss.

It is impossible to reply to these kind letters and resolutions separately, and I therefore trust that all my friends will accept this as my expression of gratitude.

Fraternally yours,

(MRS.) ELLA M. JUDGE.

As a result of issuing THEOSOPHY five days earlier than usual, in order to get it into the hands of members attending Convention, it has been necessary to hold over until next month a fine photogravure of William Q. Judge, and various articles in his memory by such well-known members as Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, Mrs. A. L. Cleather, J. H. Fussell, James M. Pryse, H. T. Patterson, Wm. Main, and others.

An immense record of activities from all parts of America, showing a marvelous increase in the work during March and April, has been unavoidably crowded out.

Arise, and show thy love by deeds. Awake, and make the present a glorious memorial of his great past.—*Farewell Book.*

ÔM.

LIST OF THEOSOPHICAL AND KINDRED WORKS

Which may be obtained (post-paid) from THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., 144 Madison Ave., N.Y

Adventure among the Rosicrucians, ..., paper, 50c; cloth $ .75
Animal Magnetism (Binet and Féré).. 1.50
Annie Besant: An Autobiography.... 2.00
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Astral Light (Nizida)..... .75
Atlantis (Donnelly)..... 2.00
Bhagavad-Gitâ (Judge) red leather, ...75c; morocco 1.00
Bhagavad-Gitâ (Mohini's translation and notes)..... 2.00
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Buddha, Life of (Lillie)..... 2.25
Buddha, Life of the (Rockhill)..... 3.00
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Golden Stairs, Tales from the Wonder-World (Waite)..... .75
Guide to Theosophy (printed in India) 1.50
Hints on Esoteric Theosophy and Idyll of White Lotus..paper, 50c; cloth 1.25
Idea of Re-Birth (Arundale)..... 1.25
Imitation of Buddha, The..... 1.00
Incidents in Life of Mme. Blavatsky 3.00
Indianapolis Letters on Theosophy... .10
In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom (Hartmann)..... 2.00
In Defense of Theosophy (Besant).... .08
Isis Unveiled (Blavatsky)..... 7.50
Jehoshua, Life of (Hartmann)..... 1.50
Kabbalah Unveiled (Mather)..... 3.00
Karma (Sinnett).....cloth .75
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" " " with comments from *Lucifer*, pocket edition,.....cloth .40
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Memorial Articles on H. P. Blavatsky .35
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My Books (H.P.B.)..... .05

Mysteries of Magic.....(Éliphas Lévi) 3.00
Mystic Quest (Kingsland)..... 1.00
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Ocean of Theosophy, paper 50c; cloth 1.00
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T.S. and H.P.B. (Besant & Patterson) .07
Theosophy or Psychological Religion 3.00
Theosophy, Religion, Occult Science 2.50
Theosophy and its Evidences (Besant) .10
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Three Sevens (Phelons)..... 1.25
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Topics in Karma (Fullerton)..... .15
Topics in Reincarnation (Fullerton).. .10
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